

# DEMO #10
# "Damaged"

Notes:

This should feel dreamlike, shot with a handheld camera on foot entirely in the city at nighttime.

Characters:

Just the yuppie and the panhandler.  No names.

The yuppie is just as you drew him on the cover.  Generic successful white guy, well-groomed, perpetually in a suit.  The panhandler is a younger girl, not quite a crusty punk, more of a natural earthy type.  She should be pretty.

Setting:

New York City, mostly midtown.

## SCRIPT

*Page 1*

Open with a large panel, most of the page, of NYC at night, bright and alive.  Maybe the skyline, or Times Square, or something else.  Your choice.

Smaller panel along the bottom of the exterior of a swanky bar, the sort that's all glass and mood lighting where yuppies hang out and swill wine and expensive scotch.

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Inside our yuppie is engaged in conversation by the bar, standing room only.  It's fairly packed, with people, both men and women, similarly dressed and of the same class.

They are all laughing like this night is the absolute best night of their life.

Back outside, the panhandler girl is walking along the sidewalk with a ratty rucksack on her back.  She should seem, and remain, carefree and not beleaguered by her homelessness.

She stops by the front of the bar and looks inside the windows, casually, not peering in.

Through her eyes, we can see the yuppie and his group of friends.

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Inside again, they are carrying on in conversation.

Then he notices the girl outside, who is just standing there looking at him.

He sort of freezes, like time stops for him but everything continues on around him.  He locks eyes with the panhandler.

YUPPIE: What?

She speaks, but he can't hear her, and neither can we.

YUPPIE: What?

She turns and walks away.

And he snaps back into his setting, with his friends looking at him. A woman next to him is talking to him.

WOMAN: Is something wrong?

He is a little confused.

YUPPIE: What?

They laugh.

WOMAN: Yes, that's all you've been saying for the last 30 seconds, dear.

He turns and looks out the window again at the empty sidewalk.

YUPPIE: I'm going out for a smoke.

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Outside now, he stands on the sidewalk and lights a cigarette. Inhales deeply, trying to clear his thoughts. He probably thinks he is hitting the booze too hard.

He looks down the sidewalk towards the corner, and notices the Girl's ratty rucksack sitting in the middle of the sidewalk with no one or nothing else around it. There aren't any other pedestrians.

He looks puzzled, and starts to walk towards it.

He picks it up, and looks around the corner.

About halfway down the block, the Girl is sitting against a building, not doing anything, just sitting.

He walks down towards her, holding the bag with one hand, away from him like he doesn't want it to get him dirty.

YUPPIE: Hey. This yours?

She isn't responding, and he stops in front of her, holding the bag out.

She looks up at him. Their eyes lock and he sort of freezes again, the cigarette falling from his mouth like in slow motion.

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We see her from his perspective looking down at her. She is calm, lucid, and serious.

GIRL: If I had your money, your clothes, your job, your friends and your apartment, I'd feel empty inside too.

GIRL: And you still haven't figured out how to cope with it all.

Demo #10
"Damaged"
Story: Brian Wood
Art: Becky Cloonan

*Page 6*

Open with an establishing shot of the city in broad daylight,

Cut to a gleaming office building, steel and reflective glass. Not a skyscraper, figure a dozen stories high.

Inside, an expansive conference room, one of the corners of the office so two whole walls are windows. Our Yuppie is sitting in a chair not paying attention, doodling on a legal pad. He is so bored he's put himself into a trance.

Cut to a small panel of someone at the table talking. Then a small panel, close-up of the Yuppie's doodles, which is just a giant scribble, gloomy and black, and his pen is beginning to wear through the paper. Then a final small panel of his bored face, spacing out.

Cut down to the street. The Girl is standing on the corner, staring up at the building, not moving, just staring.

Back in the conference room, the Yuppie suddenly becomes aware, alert.

He turns around in his chair and looks out the window. It's a sudden movement and the people sitting next to him at the meeting turn to notice. Maybe the chair makes a loud 'squeak' as it swivels?

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The Yuppie bursts out of the front door of the building into a crowd on the street. He scans around looking for the Girl, hand up to shield the sun. Get fairly close in on him, so we don't see the Girl coming up next to him.

GIRL: Hey.

He whirls around. Stares at her for a silent moment, mouth slightly open like he wants to talk but no words are coming to him.

GIRL: You should buy me some food.

She turns and walks across the street, towards a diner that we can see in the distance (we watch from the Yuppie's POV). He starts following her after a pause, and he's so distracted and focused on her that he doesn't watch for traffic and a car or cab screeches to a stop inches from hitting him. Big sound effect here.

CABBIE: Hey fucko! Look where yer goin'!

The Yuppie looks down at the bumper a couple inches from his calf.

The Girl appears next to him again (with no warning, again) and takes his hand.

GIRL: Come on. You probably need to eat too.

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Move inside the diner now, at a booth. It's a typical NYC Greek diner. In front of her, she has a huge plate of breakfast: eggs, all kinds of meat, potatoes, pancakes, etc, etc. She's stuffing her face. This is a silent panel.

He is sitting with a coffee only.

YUPPIE: So hey.

YUPPIE: I'm glad I saw you again.

She looks at him as she stuffs a bacon into her mouth.

GIRL: Yeah, I could tell you needed to.

GIRL: I bet that meeting was boring the shit out of you, huh?

He looks at her, surprised.

YUPPIE: What?

YUPPIE: How'd you know I was in a meeting?

She laughs.

GIRL: I know all sorts of things about people. You especially. Like last night.

GIRL: Spooky, huh? Ha ha!

He still looks confused.

YUPPIE: Yeah, whatever. You just made a lucky guess about the meeting. You see the suit, the building, it's Monday morning. Good chance I'd be in a meeting.

YUPPIE: So, did you follow me to work or something?

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She puts down her fork, gets all serious.

GIRL: OK, fine. Test time.

GIRL: Normally you have morning meetings from 8-9 AM, but this one was bumped back at the last minute. You hate your job, but are addicted to the salary which is good for someone still in their 20's.

GIRL: Your mom lives in Queens and you hate it when she calls because you feel all she does is give you shit. I don't know where your dad lives, and neither do you.

GIRL: You hardly ever date because you tend to pick stupid, shallow women who bore you after two dates. But that's the only kind of girl you know how to talk to.

She picks up her fork and starts to eat her eggs.

GIRL: You could have a dog – you have the co-op board wrapped around your little finger, but can you love an animal if you can't even love a human being? Besides, scooping up their shit is demeaning.

GIRL: Your weekends are spent either sleeping or drunk.

GIRL: You get Chinese takeout for Thanksgiving and watch Scarface as a ritual year after year, and have almost convinced yourself that it's cool and you prefer it over anything else.

Move to the Yuppie, who is just flabbergasted, because it's all true.

YUPPIE: I do not...

She cocks an eyebrow at him.

He looks down, embarrassed and stunned.

YUPPIE: OK, fine.

YUPPIE: How do you know all that?

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She smiles.

GIRL: I just do. I can't help it; things just come to me sometimes. Call it a gift.

GIRL: And no offense, dude, you're one of the easier ones to read.

He sits back and looks at her for a moment, his emotions back under control. He is thinking, and looking at her. She looks back, very blasé, eating her toast.

GIRL: What.

YUPPIE, rudely: "What?" Don't you know?

She puts her toast down, smiling.

GIRL: Fine. Yes, I am for real. No, your friends didn't put me up to this, and you know that's true because you really don't have any friends, do you?

He looks back at her, stonily.

She continues.

GIRL: No, this isn't blackmail or a scam. I don't know you, and you don't know me. I found you because I can tell you need help. Am I right?

He looks away, out the window.

GIRL: I'm right.

GIRL: But all in your time.

She puts down her utensils.

GIRL: I gotta go. Thanks for breakfast.

YUPPIE: Wait.

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She is standing up already.

GIRL: What?

YUPPIE: You're coming back, right?

GIRL: I'll be back when you're ready for me to come back. I'll know when that is.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a money clip. He pulls a couple hundreds off it and holds it out.

YUPPIE: Take this.

GIRL: Dude, I don't charge. I'm not a therapist or a hooker or anything.

He insists.

YUPPIE: I know. I don't mean it that way.

YUPPIE: Just take care of yourself. I can tell you don't have a place to stay.

She reaches for it, a little reluctantly.

GIRL: Thanks.

She turns and walks away.

GIRL: See ya.

Final panel of the Yuppie not drinking his coffee, looking out the window. Maybe a busboy is clearing the table.

*Page 12*

Full page splash of the same scene as the previous panel, but show some time has passed: shadows are different, different people are sitting around him, etc. to show he's been sitting there for awhile, possible a few hours.

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Establish the scene with a small intro panel of Central Park.

They are sitting there, together, on a bench, and she is sipping a Snapple through a straw. It looks a little funny, her in her ratty clothes and him in his immaculate suit. But she is relaxed, while he is still a little on edge about the whole thing.

YUPPIE: I feel so exposed.

GIRL: Not so bad once you get used to it.

She looks over at him, a small smile playing at her lips.

GIRL: Besides, it's no picnic being privy to all your damage, you know.

He looks over at her, seeing the humor in her jab.

YUPPIE: My "damage." Gee, thanks.

GIRL: My pleasure!

They sit in silence for a panel. The Girl's removed the straw and is peering into the bottle. Her gestures like she should be playful, a little childlike, but not creepy. She's a likeable Girl.

YUPPIE: You want another one?

She puts the bottle down next to her on the bench.

GIRL: Not right now. Soon, though.

*Page 14*

Establishing panel of a different part of the park.

They are walking now. They are in different clothes. Get him out of his tie, maybe into a polo shirt or something a little more casual but still Yuppie.

YUPPIE: So I just don't get it. What did I do wrong there? She never called back.

GIRL: Well, how many messages did you leave?

YUPPIE: Just a couple.

The Girl walks in silence, kicking a pinecone, not answering him. This is a silent panel.

YUPPIE: OK, OK, I left six messages.

She looks at him.

YUPPIE: Nine messages.

GIRL: You know that's totally crazy, right?

GIRL: Have a little faith, man. You're not that creepy a dude; do yourself a favor and stop acting like you are.

GIRL: Just be yourself.

Silent panel of them walking.

YUPPIE: Yeah, but what's that?

GIRL: Good question.

*Page 15*

Establishing shot of the East Village.

They are at a subway entrance. She is heading to Brooklyn after a day spent together. Give them different clothes again. Have it be raining a bit. He is holding an umbrella over them both, with one hand and is wearing one of those trench/rain coats.

GIRL: I'll come find you again tomorrow, maybe.

YUPPIE: Sure you don't want a cab?

GIRL: Nah, I like the train.

He pulls his free hand out of his coat. It's a folded wad of money.

YUPPIE: OK. Well, here you go.

She takes it, sort of handles it a bit, seeing how much is there.

GIRL: You don't need to keep doing this. I told you, I'm not a therapist. And you give me so much money, it's crazy.

YUPPIE: I know, but you've helped me anyway. The past two weeks have been so much better. I feel it's the least I could do.

GIRL: OK. Well, I appreciate it. I couldn't really live without it, to be honest.

There is a pause.

GIRL: OK, off I go. See ya! Have fun at the gym!

He watches her walk down the steps.

YUPPIE: Bye! Take care!

Then he goes to the curb and holds up his hand to hail a cab.

The next panel should be a shot of him getting into a cab, but from the perspective of someone walking back up the subway stairs, eye right at ground level and through the metal fence of the entrance. We don't see the Girl yet, but she is coming back up the stairs, watching him leave.

Final panel of her sneaking back up the stairs, carefully, back onto the sidewalk.

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Inside the cab, the Yuppie is relaxing and smiling a little.

He looks out the window, which is a little obscured from the raindrops. It's mostly just other cabs, anyway.

Suddenly he sits upright and looks carefully out the side window, his nose almost pressed to the glass.

The cab next to him, he can see the Girl in the backseat. Looks just like her, no doubt. She has headphones on and her eyes are closed. She doesn't see him.

YUPPIE: What the hell?

YUPPIE: That's her. What is she doing? Where is she going? She lives in Brooklyn...

Her cab speeds up and passes them.

He speaks to the cabbie:

YUPPIE: Hey driver! Follow that cab!

CABBIE: We got a red light, boss. They're already gone.

He sits back, perplexed.

YUPPIE: Weird.

YUPPIE: Hey driver, just take me home instead. Sixty-first and Columbus.

Final panel of the cab stopped in traffic at the red light. Exterior shot.

*Page 17*

This is a mostly silent page, but the storytelling has to be very clear.

He walks into the lobby of his building.

Gets into the elevator.

Looks down and sees footprint-shaped puddles of water next to him, from the last person to ride the elevator. They are a smaller size than his.

He exits the elevator on his floor. Notices the small footprints again, heading the same way he is going.

His brow furrows as he follows the footprints all the way to his apartment door. Or to the door next to his, rather.

He unlocks his door, and before he enters, looks at that door next to his, which is slightly ajar.

YUPPIE: That's supposed to be empty, that apartment...

He pushes the door open.

YUPPIE: Hello? It's your neighbor. Anyone home?

YUPPIE: What a day for rain, eh?

No one answers. He looks in, sees a sparse apartment, a futon and some piles of filthy clothes, and a techy setup of laptops, microphones, headphones, and some cables running into the wall, the wall that borders his apartment. Total snoop/spy setup, like you see in movies in the back of FBI vans, just a little more compact.

YUPPIE: What the fuck?

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He walks over and stands by the electronic equipment, looking down at it. He is stunned, confused, not understanding what he is looking at.

There are stacks of money as well, piles of twenties and fifties and hundreds, like it was being counted out like piles of Monopoly money. This should be clear.

Then he kneels down and looks at one of the laptop screens. It's split into 4 squares, each showing parts of the apartment next door, his apartment.

YUPPIE: This thing is looking into my place...

YUPPIE: What the fuck?!?

GIRL: Oh my god!

GIRL: What are you doing here?

GIRL: Why aren't you at the gym like normally?

She is fresh out of the shower, in a tank top and shorts, wet hair and a towel in her hands, standing in a doorway looking at him horrified.

YUPPIE: Why the fuck are you taping me in my apartment?

He stands up, looking angry now.

YUPPIE: This is your "gift?" This is how you know me?

YUPPIE: These things just "come to you," right? Through a fucking microphone in my wall?

She turns and runs out the open door, dropping the towel.

He starts after her.

YUPPIE: Fucking scam artist bitch!

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Outside the building, the rain is really coming down.

She runs out the front door and onto the sidewalk.

She runs across the street, through a small break in traffic, and, reaching the other side, turns and looks behind her. She is really freaked out and scared and is getting soaking wet.

The Yuppie runs out of the front door, and stops and looks around.

He sees her. They lock eyes.

He starts across the street after her, not looking for cars first, his eyes locked on her with anger.

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He gets hit by a bus (or car or truck). It's instant, his death.

*Page 21*

She claps her hands over her mouth in horror.

She looks down at the body, as do a few other pedestrians. He is dead, lots of blood coming from his head, mixing with the rain water.

*Page 22*

Cut to a few days in the future. No rain, it's an overcast but otherwise pleasant day in the city. Let's get a skyline or some other establishing shot.

Then an exterior of a funeral home, a brass nameplate on the side of a building that reads: Dilego Funeral Home.

The Girl, dressed in clean clothes now, a black shirt, skirt, tights, and shoes, walks in. She has a folded newspaper in her hand. She looks older and professional. Respectable.

It's a wake, with the coffin up front and rows and rows of chairs. Some flowers. But only one person, and older woman. His mother.

She gingerly approaches.

GIRL: Excuse me?

The woman turns around. She is old and mean looking, bitter, but is crying and has a tissue wadded up in one hand.

GIRL: Is this the funeral for Thomas Martin?

The woman turns back.

MOTHER: Yes, that's my son.

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The Girl walks up and takes a seat behind the mother and leans forward to speak.

GIRL: I'm sorry for your loss.

MOTHER: Did you know Tommy?

The Girl pauses.

GIRL: A little, yes.

MOTHER: No one else showed up. Those flowers are from his office. Tommy didn't have many friends, apparently.

GIRL: Did he ever mention me?

MOTHER: He might have, if he ever spoke to me.

The Girl looks embarrassed, sits back.

GIRL: Oh yeah, that's right.

MOTHER: He made eighty thousand a year and I live in a shithole in Ozone Park, and he doesn't so much as call to see how I am.

The Girl shifts a bit, uncomfortable.

GIRL: Well, Mrs. Martin, you know how Tommy was...

Uncomfortable silence for a panel.

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The Girl leans forward again.

GIRL: Mrs. Martin—

The mother interrupts.

MOTHER: He was always a mess, Tommy was, and I was always amazed he managed to accomplish what he did.

MOTHER: He was a miserable kid, a bully, torturing the strays in our neighborhood, stealing from me, you name it. Bad grades, horrible attitude. It's no wonder he never had any friends.

MOTHER: I breathed a sigh of relief when he left for college, and another when it seemed like he evened out a bit.

MOTHER: But I haven't spoken to him in five years, and now he's dead.

She cries into her tissue. The Girl puts a hand on her shoulder.

GIRL: Mrs. Martin, Tommy had a lot of problems, but he was working on it, he was getting better. He needed some help, that's all.

GIRL: I know he felt bad about being out of contact for so long, and he was going to call you soon. He was very sorry for shutting you out for so long.

GIRL: I know for a fact he loved you very much, Mrs. Martin.

She pulls an letter-sized envelope out of the folder newspaper, a couple inches thick. It's the money, the cash he had given her.

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She stands up and hands the envelope to his mother.

GIRL: I have this for you, Mrs. Martin. Just something to help you out until the estate paperwork goes through.

The mother takes it.

MOTHER: What is it, money?

GIRL: It's some money he paid me, but I think it'd better if you had it. I think Tommy would want it that way. It's the least I could do. Please accept it with my condolences.

The mother turns around in her seat.

MOTHER: I don't understand...

MOTHER: What were you, his therapist or something?

The Girl turns to leave. She pauses.

GIRL: Yes, Mrs. Martin, I was.

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Final street scene, the Girl walking down the sidewalk crying, with other pedestrians all around her, life as usual.

THE END